

so me liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue
no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside
of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse,
the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath
beene the spoyle of mee.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it, come, sing mee a bawdy Song, make me
merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentlman need to bee,
vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a
weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an
houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued
well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out
of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so farte, Sir Iohn, that you must needes be
out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art
our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in
the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, Sir Iohn, my face does you no harmee.

Fal. No, Ile bee sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a
man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy
face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple:
for there hee is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any
way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should
be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angels*: But thou art altogether giuen
ouer; & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of
vtter darknesse. When thou runst vp *Gads-bill* in the night, to
catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an
Ignis fatuus, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchase in Mony. O
thou art a perpetual Triumph, and euerlasting Bone-fire-light,
thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches,
walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but
the Sacke that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee
Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chandlers in *Europ*. I
haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, anytime
this two and thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame *Parthe* the Hen, haue you enquired
yet who pickt my pocket? *Enter*

Hof. Why Sir Iohn, what do you thinke, Sir Iohn? do you
I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired
haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by
the tight of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelie, Hostesse, *Bardoll* was shau'd, and lost man
and ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you a
man, goe.

Hof. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer
mine owne house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hof. No, Sir Iohn, you doe not know me, Sir Iohn; I know
Sir Iohn, you owe me money Sir Iohn, and now you
quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen o
to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filt by Doulas: I haue giuen them away to
wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Hof. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij. s. and
owe money here besides, Sir Iohn, for your diet, and b
ings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hof. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How I poore? looke vpon his face: What call you
let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile
a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I
mine case in mine Inne but I shall haue my pocket pickt
lost a scale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty mar

Hof. O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know
oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneake-cup: Zbloud
were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him.

Fal. You are playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yet?
Must we all march?

Bar. Year two and two: Newgate fashion.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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